

FOURTEEN

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Dorothy Dix Talks

DOROTHY DIX SAYS
Solitary confinement is the maximum punishment in a penitentiary and no man has a right to inflict that on an innocent wife even after evening.

By DOROTHY DIX
The world's highest paid woman writer.

So far as I can gather from the many heart walls that reach me on the subject, the two things, from the feminine point of view, that prevent matrimony from being the grand, sweet thing it should be, and turn it into the scolding match that it too often is, are the absence of the individual pocket book and the presence of the latch key.

And of these two enemies to domestic peace and happiness, the chief offender is the latch key. Women would rather do without their own money when they go shopping in the morning than to do without the society of their husbands in the home of evenings.

In the course of a year I literally get hundreds of letters on this subject, written by the wives who piteously beg for some good, reliable recipe for keeping a man nailed to his own fireside at night. And the burden of these letters is always the same. It's the loneliness of women who spend long, dull, monotonous hours with nobody to talk to, nobody to look at, even, nothing to do but just to yawn at the clock till they yawn themselves to bed.

These women write that as soon as dinner is over their husbands put on their hats and fare forth to enjoy themselves. Sometimes they don't even come home to dinner, but telephone that they've been detained down town by important business. Sometimes they make excuse that they have to meet a customer or sit up with a sick friend, and sometimes they just don't offer any apologies. They merely bang the door behind them.

The result is the same to the women. She's worked all day just as hard as her husband, may be a little harder, cooking, sewing, mending, dusting, taking care of the children. It has been solitary work, done in the home, with nobody to exchange a thought with, nobody to give her a fresh idea, or to tell her a good story that will give her the mental filip of a laugh.

"FEMININE SLACKER" MUST WAKE TO WAR NEED HERE AS ELSEWHERE, SAYS MRS. FORBES

Appropos of all this talk on thrift, Red Cross, gardening, etc., there is a state of affairs here which often gives me a "laugh in my sleeve." I have lived in Honolulu so long as to be considered a kamaaina, and while I may be a bit old fashioned in my views, it is due to my upbringing not my "generation" or my years. I disclaim intention to wound the feelings of any of the ladies, but early found, on residence here, that a woman who does her own housework loses "caste." So for the sake of sparing my friends (not that I personally care), I do not relate on the lanes of the Country Club or while at tea at the Lanikaes, that while I have been to high school and college, combining the classics and music with domestic science, as well as a complete commercial course, including business law, I can still recollect many a time, when with a tin can and a stick I have helped Dad "bug" the taters in our own garden back in the states, and that my own mother taught me how to cook.

There is many a woman in Honolulu whose sole personal knowledge of a maid and a cook, before her advent hither, was gleaned from a "yellow back" or observation of some more fortunate neighbors, but who has now become so fastidious (?) that the mere mention of a former servitude state is the most unpardonable "faux pas."

Too Many Feminine Slackers
This phase of affairs has little to do with the present price of foodstuffs, but it has a great deal to do with the practise of the thrift which is now being urged upon us, especially when, as in many times the case, it has gone hand in hand with the other sure destroyer of the home, i. e., living beyond one's means. I am not an anarchist in my views, nor do I decry luxury and comfort and bodily ease, when it can be afforded, but one thing is obvious, the feminine slacker we have with us in numbers too great to be ignored. It is the belief of great many people also (who discuss privately but are afraid to express publicly their opinions) that the root of the evil of high living, waste and extravagance, which prevails in these islands, exists in the facts set forth in the foregoing paragraph.

Drop Pretenses!
If we women expect to really help in this measure that is advocated, it is time to drop pretense and artificiality, spend less time at "Tea Dansants" and the Outrigger Club and give our men folks a little of the service our mothers and grandmothers used to render; that is, as consistently as we can with the enormous strides towards ease that modern conveniences and utilities have rendered us. Intemperance, and a race to face private expatriation of our faults of omission as well as of commission, would have an enlightening effect.

Men are all right for food commissioners, but it is up to the women to acquaint them with the conditions they must make laws to amend. Let us not only roll bandages and plant a few garden seeds for our yard men to

No other work in the world is so wearing as domestic tasks, just because there are no outside interests to enlighten and brighten them as there is to the work that is done outside of the home.

Therefore, when night comes and the children are safely tucked into bed and the house old affairs settled, the woman is starved for companionship and amusement. She wants to talk and to be talked to, to hear something fresh that will give her thoughts a new turn. The only person to whom she can safely look to supply this need is her husband and instead of doing it he goes off down town and leaves her to add a lonely evening to a lonely day, it is nothing short of tragical to her.

Probably—at least let us suppose so for humanity's sake—the man who does this does not realize how cruel he is to his wife, or else he would stay at home and try to entertain her, or at least take her along with him to some place of amusement. Certainly, no man with a heart in his bosom, or one stark of affection for the woman he is married to, would, evening after evening, leave her to her own dull and gloomy society, of which she had far more than a sufficiency through the day, if he ever stopped to visualize how lonely and forlorn a figure a woman is sitting up solitary and alone, her one diversion waiting hour after hour for the click of a key in a lock, and her imagination busy picturing scenes of merriment in which her husband is participating, and sirens who are snatching him away from her.

Just by way of illustration, let a man picture himself under the same conditions. How would he like to spend the evenings alone in the flat if it was his wife's habit after dinner to pin on her hat and saunter forth to some place of amusement? How would he like to pass the hours thinking of her spending a gay evening in restaurants, telling and listening to good stories, or tango trotting a little, and holding cheerful converse with good looking men, or having a little game of bridge with a table of good players, while all the excitement that he had was reading the evening paper and listening to the baby sleep.

What would he do when she came home around midnight or a little later? Can't we all give a good guess? He'd beat it for the divorce court. It

wouldn't take much of that brand of matrimony to satisfy him.

And what makes him suppose that his wife likes it any better than he would? All the hermits I ever heard of were of the masculine persuasion. Women are notoriously social by nature, fond of the sound of their own voices, and other people, and no woman ever yet was known to voluntarily commune with herself if she could commune with anybody else.

Now I hold no brief for the henpecker. I have gone on record, more than once, as holding firmly to the faith that when a man marries it does not give his wife a right to police his comings and goings. I believe that every man, even though married, has a right to some time off, to foregather with his old friends, and to have some masculine society that is strictly masculine, and with no trail of a petticoat over it.

At the same time, a man's first duty is to make his wife happy and to give her his companionship. He owes it to her to feed her mentally and spiritually just as much as he does physically, and he fails in his obligation to her if he does not spend his evenings at home as a habitual thing. That is what the woman marries him for, and he may be certain that she would never have left her happy home if she had had any inkling that she was going to be chucked down into a strange place and left alone.

Solitary confinement is the maximum punishment in a penitentiary and no man's got a right to inflict that on an innocent wife. Moreover, he runs risks when he does it, and it speaks volumes for the honor of women that more wives, whose husbands leave them alone of an evening, don't go out and hunt up some amusement on their own score.

As a solution to this vexed question, I offer the humble suggestion that has been applied with success to another domestic problem—why shouldn't wives give their husbands a night off each week as they do Mary Jane, and the balance of the time why shouldn't husbands stay at home and make themselves pleasant? If a man isn't willing to stay and bear his wife company of evenings, then he should at least have the decency to stay an old bachelor, and let the girl remain at home where she has some companionship.

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moderate sized piece of salt pork. This for beans which every one knows will grow on the poorest soil, the hardest, stoniest ground that will produce almost no other crop but grass. This for beans! the one sure crop, outside lantana and guava, that grows in Hawaii.

The next item, canned milk, for whose advertising slogan the Carnation people have chosen "clean milk from contented cows," depicting them peacefully grazing in knee high, succulent grass. Well do I remember these same "contented cows." "Back home" was only a few miles from their peaceful pastures; many times have I seen the canneries. The Carnation people have not exaggerated their product, but, two months ago I was buying this same milk at 65c a dozen cans. Why the difference? Why the increase of 70 per cent in cost to the consumer? Has this war spirit bred discontent and unrest among these same cows, causing placid Bossy to hold up on her milk and not "give down" as formerly? Excuse me, but "Not on your tinfoy!" perhaps on your tin can, as that seems the only item in this particular case that can have been affected by the war thus early in the game. I had occasion last week to inquire freight rates from Seattle (near which is the cannery) to Honolulu, and was told it was "just the same, \$4.25 per ton, 40 cubic feet to the ton." So there is one factor, the freight carrier, in this particular case of H. C. O. L., who can rest with a clear conscience.

To go down the list—two packages of bird seed. Has the sun flower crop failed in the states? Has hemp, like Jack's bean stock, reared itself magically over night until it touches the sky? Has wild mustard and wild grass seed become less abundant? Yet my poor little canaries must live unless I decide to put one over on the meat trust, and have a little pot pie Sunday. (That gives me an idea, why don't some one give us a recipe for Mynah bird, a la something or other?) As for the price of paper, six of the leading manufacturers have been indicted in the courts of New York because of their having advanced the price far beyond a reasonable amount. The indictments were brought by the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice and the manufacturers were forced to reestablish a normal price for their product, this amount being an advance of about a cent a pound. Freight rates the same on this article, too, so there is another balloon that somebody ought to stick a pin into.

Up Goes the Living Cost
Here is a bill amounting to 90 cents, for this small bill I am forced to pay an increased price of almost 25 cents, or 27.7 per cent of the whole. My grocery bill last month, with no entertaining, no guests (except twice one guest who happened in and took "pot luck" dinner), and with practically the same general plan of weekly menus, showed an increase of \$17.00 over the previous month. This was just one bill, all other bills for foodstuffs showed an enormous increase. There is no legitimate or reasonable excuse for this. The only explanation that covers the case lies in the first lines of an old motto, "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door" and opportunity is knocking now at the doors of those who control food distribution. Two months ago, while

Movie of a Man with a Time Table

By BRIGGS



BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

ragrant Accessories

WE HAVE OFTEN spoken in this column of the value of extreme daintiness. Where beauty is absent, daintiness can often create the illusion of loveliness. This means



The really beautiful woman is extremely dainty—those perfumed chains add much to her daintiness

thorough cleanliness of body and of wearing apparel, care in the little accessories of dress, neatness in the matter of clothing. The dainty woman sheds a subtle perfume around her—the odor of absolute cleanliness. No amount

of strong perfume could ever overcome, for instance, the trace of stale perspiration.

Speaking of perfumes, there is a new little trinket in the shops that will give just that elusive whiff of sweetness that every woman desires. It is a small ball that hangs on the end of a chain, and is made in silver, gilt, gold or enamel, according to its price. Inside is a tiny sponge, which one saturates with one's favorite perfume. The odor escapes through a little flange band running about the pendant. These come at all sorts of prices.

Another good way to use perfume is to rub the body with toilet water at the end of the bath; the skin absorbs and gives out a delicate perfume. Another is to scatter dried flower petals in the bureau drawers, so one's clothes take up the sweetness, or to put tiny sachet bags among one's articles of clothing. Rubbing the neck and hands with toilet water while dressing makes one feel fresh and dainty. Every time the hands are raised to the face there is the refreshing smell of the water.

Questions and Answers

Have not been reading your Beauty Chats, but shall certainly do so from now on, as a friend told me of the helpful advice you gave her. I used the cold cream recipe you sent her, and found it very good. I hear you have a recipe or an exercise that develops the bust. Will you give it to me, as my bust is now 31 and it should be 36. Thanking you—F. L. L.

Reply—I should be glad to help you in any way possible. Send me a letter containing a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I will mail you the recipe.

Will you tell me what causes small white pimples on the eyelids? They are very painful. And also, large pimples on the scalp—Miss Twenty-seven.

Reply—Probably disordered blood causes both affections; I could not easily prescribe without knowing more about you. Better see your doctor.

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in San Francisco, a member of the family held a conversation with the head of the freight department of one of the biggest railroads in the United States. The price of wheat was mentioned. "Confidentially," replied the Freight Department Head, "it is the biggest steal I know of, the elevators all over the country are bursting with stored wheat. There was never so much on hand in the history of our railroad." Yet flour is \$3.75 a sack, and the baker charges 15 cents now for a loaf which he once sold for ten. I bake my own bread, and from a ten pound sack of flour which now costs me 75 cents, can usually get ten big loaves, besides a couple of pies, or a cake. Ten loaves at 15 cents and a little arithmetic, figures for me a gross profit of 75 cents and the other ingredients, including gas for baking, are of such negligible amount as to bring the whole down to a net profit of 80 cents, or a net profit of 80 per cent of the original cost. Does it pay?

Like "The Brook" I could babble on and on forever about the higher prices but these few will illustrate my point. And to make any change, there are only two things we can do. Do without, or have Federal Control. What will you have? What will you do,

HUNGER OF PEOPLE IS CAUSE OF RUSSIA'S REMARKABLE UPHEAVAL

Woman Resident of Petrograd Says Czar is Not Prisoner and Throws Other Light on Situation in Europe's Newest Republic

The former czar of Russia is not a prisoner. Beef is a minus quantity in Petrograd, veal and mutton are mighty scarce. They have recently adopted the Gregorian calendar and now reckon time as do other nations.

Scarcity of bread in the capital was the one and only cause for the outbreak of royalty—and bread is still hard to get.

The foregoing are some brief statements of a Petrograd resident who arrived in Honolulu recently on her way home to Chicago. She is Mrs. C. W. Cook, whose husband is part owner of the Russian-American Drug Co. in Petrograd.

Mrs. Cook, who is staying at the Moana Hotel for a few weeks, has some interesting first-hand information on the revolution. She is of course reluctant to say much about conditions there, as she had made Russia her home and has learned to love the people. She has nothing to report that would discredit them. On the other hands her words are full of praise.

Believes War Will Go On

"I can't say whether the Russian soldiers are generally determined to carry on the war or not," she says, "but I believe they are. During that part of my trip across the Russian frontier through Siberia, on my way home, I came in contact with many soldiers doing home on a 20-day leave, and from my knowledge of the Russian language I got a pretty general understanding of their personal feelings from remarks I overheard."

The visitor from the west says some of the soldiers said they were going back, others declared they never would and still more professed a desire to turn their military training and knowledge into brigandage to prey upon the rich. All of them, however, seemed hopeful of the future and there was very little complaining. Mrs. Cook has been in Petrograd three years.

Hunger Causes Desperation

Speaking of the revolution itself, Mrs. Cook says the people of Petrograd had little to eat—some soup and black bread—so, naturally, when they could get no more bread they became desperate. Some stood in the bread lines in the cold all day, only to receive a half pound of bread, and then went away with none. There was no wheat to make the bread and, although there was plenty in the surrounding country, the transportation facilities were so disrupted that little was brought to Petrograd. Mrs. Cook believes that had the situation there been relieved sooner there would have been no revolution.

There are about 300 Americans and many more English in Petrograd, and when the first shooting began they kept strictly to their own apartments until the storm had cleared. The American embassy sent out word to come to the consulate whenever conditions became dangerous, but this was not necessary. According to Mrs. Cook, the Russians like the Americans because the Yankees keep their noses out of the local politics and mind their own business.

Police Remain Faithful

The people stormed the police, the soldiers were called in from the front to quiet the mobs, but joined them instead, and the police, who stayed by

the old regime to the end, were killed by hundreds. It was nothing to see soldiers sniping at the police, who were on the buildings with machine guns. Then the officers, whose men had deserted them for the cause, were disarmed and later joined the cause themselves.

Mrs. Cook tells of one incident, however, when the officers were corralled in one of the finest hotels in Petrograd. When they refused to surrender and fired into the people the whole hostelry was demolished by the infuriated masses.

Mrs. Cook cannot state just what conditions in Petrograd now portend, but she believes everything will come all right in the end. She lived too close to the trouble to form a clear opinion of it, and did not bother with politics. She says the people all have bread tickets now, but sometimes they do not get bread. Still there is more of an effort, apparently, to supply them. Everything is terribly expensive.

When the czar and czarina abdicated in favor of Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, they made the explanation that they could not bear to leave their son and heir and throw the responsibility of government onto his youthful shoulders. Later the Grand Duke also abdicated for the people.

There is no indication around Petrograd of ill feeling towards the czar and his court, now that he is out of power, says Mrs. Cook, and she understands that he is largely free to move about his summer palace at will, and even to travel as a private citizen nearby. The royal family is now at the summer palace at Tsarskoe Selo, where they enjoy absolute freedom. They can not, however, leave Russia until after the war, when they may live in England if they choose.

Mrs. Cook also went home last year by way of Norway and Sweden.

German artists are the latest recruits demanded by the German war machine.



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